

Waypoint

by NiftyPaint24

Category: Halo
Language: English
Characters: Master Chief/John-117
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2011-11-15 03:18:14
Updated: 2013-05-25 02:51:05
Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:57:41
Rating: M
Chapters: 32
Words: 7,445
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: *Drabbles/Oneshots* Random drabbles from the Halo Universe.
Written for 50ficlets.

1. Forward Motion

Title: Forward Motion
>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo
>Claim: General
Prompt: #15-Forward [Mix & Match Table]
>Rating: M
Word Count: 297
>Summary: Moving forward is the only option. [Master Chief, the Flood]
Warnings: Violence, Gore

****FORWARD MOTION****

The Master Chief tripped the door's sensor, and then sidestepped, utilizing what little cover the side of the doorway offered. The motion tracker on his heads-up display went wild. There were so many red dots on his friend-or-foe monitor that they blended into one large mass. The Master Chief moved forward slightly to get a better look into the room. It was literally crawling with the Flood and from the looks of things; he was headed in the right direction. His mission was to rescue a group of UNSC Marines two levels up, and judging by the bodies, dressed standard issue Marine uniforms, there had been a battle here. The Master Chief stood motionless and watched as one Infection Form scuttled across the floor on its tentacle-like legs and forced its way into a corpse. The body writhed and distorted in a sickening way the SPARTAN would never get accustomed to.

Let's get this over with. He thought and glanced down to check that the magazine in his assault rifle was full. Clearing this room would be no picnic, but going back wasn't an option. This was the only route available and he had soldiers that needed his help. He moved into the doorway and fired short bursts into the group, then stepped back, forcing the Flood to come at him through the narrow doorway. The Master Chief cursed under his breath as several of his rounds caught a Carrier Form and it exploded into dozens of Infection Forms.

The Chief alternated between firing at the Combat Forms and using the butt of his riffle or stomping on the Infection Forms. Wave after wave came at him, but in no more than five minutes, the room was clear and the Master Chief was once again headed forward.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 14th 2011<p>

2. Hunters

Title: Hunters

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #12-Hunt [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: M
Word Count: 300

>Summary: The bigger they areâ€¦ [Master Chief]
Warnings: Violence, Gore, could be a small spoiler for Halo

3

****HUNTERS****

SPARTAN-117 exited the cavern-like tunnel in a half-crouch. The landscape before him was distorted for the half-second it took for his visor to darken, shielding his eyes from the bright sun. Two red blips appeared on his HUD, so he cautiously eased up to and around a large, conveniently located, boulder. The Covenant-controlled station looked deserted at first glance, but then the Chief spotted two sets of large spikes moving behind a Covenant weapons pod.

"_Damn_," the Master Chief hissed quietly. "Hunters."

The first gargantuan creature chose that moment to step from behind the weapons pod and into view. Its massive body was almost completely covered in thick armor, with a shield on one arm and a fuel rod cannon on the other. The Master Chief looked down at his sniper rifle and regretted that it wasn't a rocket launcher. Hunters were practically impossible to kill without the right weapons. To make matters worse, he only had eight rounds; then he'd be left with just his assault rifle. The first Hunter turned away slightly, and the Master Chief took advantage; quickly using his scope's highest zoom capacity and firing off two shots into the Hunters' unprotected back. The beast fell, sending up a cloud of sandy dust, bright orange blood rapidly pooling around it.

A defining roar tore through the air as the other Hunter moved to its fallen brother's body. The Master Chief took a few precious seconds to reload his sniper rifle and pulled the other Hunter in his sights. The behemoth was looking around, trying to figure out where the gunfire had come from.

'_Turn_,' the Master Chief prompted. He'd been extremely lucky to get take the first one out so easily, now if he could just get the second one to cooperate in a similar fashion.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 14th 2011<p>

3. Rectifier

Title: Rectifier

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #45-Air [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 222

>Summary: Old habits are hard to break. [Master Chief, Arbiter, Johnson]
Warnings: Halo 3 spoiler

****RECTIFIER****

The Master Chief shook his head, disagreeing with Johnson. Why waste time waiting for your drop ship to crash-land when you could jump out early and save yourself the trouble of digging out of the rubble? Of course, there was the minor setback of the Chief's MJLONR armor locking up on him after he landed; if you could call crashing to the ground with enough force to cause a crater around you a 'landing'. As Johnson blabbered on about 'recklessness' the Master Chief moved each of his limbs, checking that nothing was broken, and his HUD for any unfriendly blips. Only tiny green dots appeared, along with each Marine's ID number. As he turned his attention back on Johnson, he noticed how the air seemed to shimmer just over Johnson's shoulder. Without a second thought the Chief jumped forward, grabbing Johnson's pistol from his holster, and sprinted towards the anomaly.

"Whoa, relax Chief," Johnson hollered, getting to the Master Chief's side faster than he would have thought possible. The shimmering air dissolved and the solid form of an Elite stood before the Chief, with the pistol he'd commandeered wedged securely into the Elite's throat. "Arbiter's with us."

Was Johnson clueless? If the Chief hadn't caught the Elite when he had, Johnson would be a corpse. An Elite working for the UNSC? Impossible.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 14th 2011<p>

4. WIA

Title: W.I.A

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #3-Hell [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 203

>Summary: Wounded in action. [Master Chief]
Warnings: Violence

****W.I.A****

John, better known as Spartan-117, was in the middle of a mission that had gone wrong. It happened in the blink of an eye. One stupid, careless mistake had left him wounded. He had stepped around the corner of a long corridor when plasma fire washed over him. His shields flared and a sharp pain ripped through his side. He returned fire, sending a stream of bullets down the corridor, and the plasma fire stopped. The corridors went eerily quiet except for John's ragged breathing and rapid heartbeat. After a quick check down the hall to make sure there were no more immediate threats, John knelt

behind the cover of the wall and ripped open his field med kit. He yanked out a can of Bio-Foam and placed its tip in the seam of his armor where the plasma had burned through to his skin. The pain of the wound increased momentarily as the Bio-Foam worked its magic, sealing the wound. It stung like hell, but it'd keep him patched up until he completed his mission and could get back to base camp. Too bad there wasn't a quick fix for his wounded pride. It wasn't everyday a Spartan was caught off guard.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 14th 2011<p>

5. Methane Suckers

Title: Methane Suckers

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #39-Pieces [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 300

>Summary: Easy pickings. [Random UNSC marines, Covenant]
Warnings: Violence

****METHANE SUCKERS****

The UNSC marines pushed forward in a low crouch. The air was thick with humidity and the smell of decaying foliage, making their necessary slowness even more agonizing. Their uniforms were soaked with sweat and their battle rifles felt heavier with each passing hour, but still they fought their way through the unfamiliar jungle towards a Covenant base. The marine at the front of the column stopped and held up his fist, a signal for the others to halt. He watched the tree line for several minutes until finally a Jackal moved, sweeping his plasma rifle in front of him as he eyed the jungle below. The marine cautiously moved his rifle to his shoulder, thumbed the safety, and lined the Jackal up within the crosshairs of his scope. He took a deep breath and gently squeezed the trigger as he exhaled. A single shot rang out, followed by the Jackal falling from his perch.

A group of Grunts popped up with surprised squawks. The foolish creatures ran around in a panic, stubby arms flailing over their heads as they scurried for cover. The marines acted quickly, each picking out a target and making sure to get a headshot or take out the methane tanks on the squat creature's backs, whichever would result in the quickest kill with the least amount of shots. Once the gunfire stopped, the marines spread out and checked to make sure each Grunt was indeed dead. The marine that had taken out the Jackal, nudged a Grunt with the toe of his boot.

"Stupid methane suckers," he said, a hint of amusement in his voice. "At the first sign of trouble they go to pieces."

"Makes for easy kills," another chimed in.

"Back in formation," their C.O. said gruffly and the marines did just that.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 14th 2011<p>

6. Cryo

Title: Cryo

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #25-Awake [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 208

>Summary: The Chief wakes up. [Master Chief]
Warnings: None

****CRYO****

Consciousness slowly washed over the Master Chief. The darkness began to fade into a light, growing brighter by the second. A voice, male, said something to him, but the Chief wasn't aware enough to make it out quite yet. After another few seconds passed, he realized the man was informing him that he had been brought out of cryo early. That meant something was _very_ _wrong_. The Spartan rolled himself up and out of the chilly cryotube, not quit right, but unwilling to lie there any longer. He recognized the cryo bay of the _Pillar of Autumn_, his eyes surveying the room as he stretched his limbs. His skin burned, an unpleasant side effect of being placed in cryo during Slipspace travel, but he pushed that from his mind.

There was a thunderous boom, it shook the deck beneath the Chief's boots, and a yell from the observation bay crackled over the com. The Master Chief turned his attention to the small room above just as Covenant plasma fire rip through it, killing the soldier stationed there. The Spartan's body reflexively readied for a battle, his eyes darting to every corner of the room, looking for a weapons locker. Apparently, things were worse than he had originally thought.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 22nd 2011<p>

7. Suicide Mission

Title: Suicide Mission

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #8-Death [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 212

>Summary: Keyes gives the Chief a mission. [Master Chief, Captain Jacob Keyes]
Warnings: None

****SUICIDE MISSION****

Serria-117 stepped onto the bridge of the _Pillar of Autumn_, any of the crewmembers that weren't fretting over their panels showed him the respect his rank deserved. In three strides, he was at Captain Keyes shoulder in front of the tactical display.

"Captain Keyes," the Spartan said, coming to attention.

"Master Chief," Keyes said with a nod, his relief was almost tangible. "I have aâ€|job for you."

"Sir."

Keyes took only a few seconds to explain the situation and what he required from the Master Chief. His plan was a long shot, but if anyone could pull it off, it would be the Chief. He was the luckiest S.O.B. Keyes had ever met.

"Weapons?" The Master Chief asked.

"There isn't much left in the armory, but you can have whatever you can find there."

With an almost imperceptible nod, the Spartan turned and left the bridge. Once the door slid closed, Lieutenant Hikowa, who was at the console nearest to the Captain, spoke up, having witnessed their entire exchange.

"Isn't that a suicide mission," after a second's hesitation she added, "sir?"

"For any other marine, Lieutenant," Keyes answered, a humorless smile pulling at his mouth.

"I sure hope so, this war already has enough dead heroes," she mumbled quietly under her breath.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 22nd 2011<p>

8. Stickler

Title: Stickler

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #22-Fruit [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 239

>Summary: Wick's a stickler for following the rules. [Random UNSC marine]
Warnings: Profanity

****STICKLER****

Wick _really_ wanted a cigarette. He would give anything at that moment to have one, possibly even one of his own limbs, but even if he'd had a cigarette on him, he couldn't light it up. Its smoke would likely give his position away and he would wind up losing more than just a limb. With a weary sigh that was just shy of too loud, he eased his riffle up to his shoulder and bent his neck so he could use the scope. He knew exactly where to look, so it didn't take long to find the Jackals three hundred yards away. He assumed they were supposed to be doing the same thing he was, sitting and observing, but unlike him, they lacked discipline. The bird-like aliens had found a tree that yielded some kind of fruit and were currently busy stuffing their beaks. They made no attempt at keeping quiet, getting into squawking matches over the limited amount of fruit.

"Bastards," Wick mumbled.

There were only five of them. He could probably get at least two before they knew what was going on, and maybe three or four before

they figured out where his shots were coming from. With a frustrated grunt, Wick pulled away from his scope. His orders were specific: Observe and report. Do not initiate contact. The Jackals didn't know how lucky they were that Wick happened to be a stickler for following rules.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 22nd 2011<p>

9. Witness

Title: Witness

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #46-Secret [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 206

>Summary: It's a big day for Dr. Halsey and her SPARTANs. [Dr. Halsey]
Warnings: Spoilers for pre-Reach, Mention of violence

****WITNESS****

The halls echoed with the sound of Dr. Catherine Halsey high heels clicking against its polished floor. She looked all business; her ever-present data-pad tucked under one arm, her white lab coat crisp and clean. Today was a big day for her project. Some of the UNSC's top brass were going to be joining her at her top-secret compound in order to witness for themselves what her SPARTAN IIs were capable of. She had been pressured to send them out on a mission for a while now, ever since the rumors of John's accidental display of his 'skills' aboard the Atlas shortly after his augmentation. The memory of that little hiccup forced an unwanted sigh through her lips. Chief Petty Officer Mendez had done a good job of covering it up, but the crippling and/or death of four ODSTs was unheard of, the news had spread regardless.

A tiny smile spread across Dr. Halsey's face. The UNSC brass was in for quite a surprise. Their reactions would no doubt mimic what her own had been not a week before when she witnessed her SPARTANs capture the flag drill. After today, there would be little doubt as to whether or not her project was a success.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 22nd 2011<p>

10. Little Lies

Title: Little Lies

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #44-Lie [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 210

>Summary: Last moments and lasting memories. [Random UNSC marines]
Warnings: Blood, spoiler for Halo: Legends (I took a story and tweaked it)

****LITTLE LIES****

"Sargent?" her voice was weak.

"Shh, don't talk," he said quietly. "The bio-foam's stopped the bleeding, but you need to stay still."

"Sarge," she began again, and it slightly annoyed him that she was calling him by his rank.

"Shh," he soothed.

"Whatâ€"what was I to you?"

Her question caught him off guard and he was bothered by the fact that she was already talking in the past-tense.

"What do you mean?" he finally asked, knowing exactly what she meant.

They had shared several stolen moments together, fulfilling some of the more basic needs of a man and a woman. She hadn't been the first and she likely wouldn't be the last. She let out a sad laugh, which caused a new wave of blood from her mouth.

"Don't talk," he instructed, doing his best to wipe the blood away. "Save your strength for when EVAC gets here."

She shook her head slowly and the realization that she wasn't going to make it hit him like a punch to the gut.

"You're going to be fine, Kelly," he promised, his voice rough as he brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear.

"You're a terrible liar," she accused, closing her eyes, a tiny smile pulling at her lips.

* * *

><p>Posted on: November 22nd 2011<p>

11. Harvest

Title: Harvest

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #27-Sleep [Mix & Match Table for 50ficlets]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 216

>Summary: Johnson wonders about the future. [Avery Johnson]
Warnings: Little spoilers for Contact Harvest

****HARVEST****

Avery Johnson sat in a chair on the small porch of his quarters, his feet propped up on the railing, a pilfered Sweet William cigar clamped between his teeth, its smoke lazily drifting away on the light breeze. It was a rare break for him, something he hadn't had in the last week. He'd barely allowed himself a few hours each night to catch up on some much needed sleep.

His line of vision shifted from the fields of grain up to the sky and the millions of stars that were scattered across it. His small group of recruits had been putting in long hours of training under Harvest's hot, early autumn sun, and he hoped they would be ready for the impending battle. Avery knew his recruits weren't real soldiers, just a bunch of farm boys who should have been bringing in the fall's crops and not preparing to fight an unknown enemy that threatened them in the skies above. He hoped their training would be enough. All he could do was teach them the best that he could and pray it _would be_ enough. Avery tapped his cigar and watched the ashes scatter with the wind.

"Time will tell," Avery said aloud, shifting in his chair before replacing his cigar. "Sooner than they expect."

* * *

><p>Posted on: December 16th 2011<p>

12. Lost In Translation

Title: Lost in Translation

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #13-Run [Mix & Match Table from 50ficlets]

>Rating: M
Word Count: 282

>Summary: [CU] Sometimes, things just don't translate. [Random ODSF]
Warnings: Violence, Profanity

****LOST IN TRANSLATION****

Lieutenant Hockett kicked open the hatch of his Single Occupant Exoatmospheric Insertion Vehicle and leapt out, weapon ready. You never knew where the heck you were going to land, and one thing being a Hell Jumper taught you was to be ready for anything as soon as you were out of your SOEIV; that is, if you were lucky enough to _get_ out of it.

This time his pod had landed smack dab in the middle of a group of grunts. The stubby aliens were still reeling from his landing it seemed, which meant they probably wouldn't be too much of a threat, but Hockett started taking them out with short, controlled bursts of fire from his automatic weapon; least the grunts send some kind of alarm to other Covenant members. There was a few seconds of wild squawking until Hockett's translation software kicked in, and then the squawks became words.

"Please don't kill me!"

"Run away!"

"You sick bastard!"

"It's a nightmare!"

"Noooooo! He was my nibble buddy!"

A grunt came at him, a plasma grenade in each four-fingered hand. Hockett shot with uncanny accuracy, taking out the threat even though

he was jumping to the right to get out of range of the grenades. A few more shots and Hockett had taken out the last remaining handful of grunts that were left. As he surveyed the carnage it had only taken him seconds to create, he wondered why the UNSC even bothered with translation software. Did he really need to know about that grunt's nipple buddy? Lieutenant Hockett frowned as he moved forward; he had an LZ to clear and thinking about the oddities of grunts was just wasting time.

* * *

><p>Posted on: December 16th 2011<p>

13. Frozen Skies

Title: Frozen Skies

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #48-Frozen [Mix & Match Table from 50ficlets]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 100

>Summary: Peacefulâ€|for the moment. [Master Chief]
Warnings: None

****FROZEN SKIES****

The Master Chief tipped his head back, looking up at the sky. It was deep purple, shot through with shades of grey and black and navy blue, the last fading line of apricot light edging the snow-covered treetops. A three-quarter moon glowed tentatively among the first sparks of stars. The snow was deep here, well past the Chief's knees, and he was thankful for the heat-regulating Hydrostatic gel within his MJOLNIR suit, for without it, he'd be as frozen as the landscape around him. The Chief continued on his unseen path, the depth of the snow barely hindering his stride.

* * *

><p>Posted on: December 16th 2011<p>

14. Snowy Battleground

Title: Snowy Battleground

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #9-Ground [Mix & Match Table for 50ficlets]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 100

>Summary: Master Chief follows the signs of war. [Master Chief]
Warnings: Small amount of gore

****SNOWY BATTLEGROUND****

He was getting closer, the Master Chief realized, judging by the bodies around him. The snow, still falling in fat, sticky clumps, had done its best to hide the remnants of the battle, but the signs were still there, leaving their mark on the frozen ground. There were pools of neon purple and blue blood, from the Jackals and Grunts that had attacked the UNSC convoy. The smoking remains of three Warthogs were still visible, the bodies of UNSC marines strewn around them.

The Chief took pride in the fact that the Covenant casualties far exceeded the number of UNSC.

* * *

><p>Posted on December 16th 2011<p>

15. Smoke and Flames

Title: Smoke and Flames

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #50-Fly [Mix & Match Table from 50ficlets]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 100

>Summary: Master Chief follows the sights and sounds of war. [Master Chief]
Warnings: None

****SMOKE AND FLAMES****

The Master Chief had heard rather than seen the jets fly overhead, and only moments later, felt the reverberations of the bombs they unleashed onto their target. He noticed the black wreath of smoke first, swirling with the wind, blotting out most of the skyline, only to completely fill it the closer he got. The distinctive popping of automatic weapons fire was the next thing to reach him, and the Master Chief began to sprint. He crested a hill and looked down upon the scene below. Flames clawed at the smoky sky, like gigantic red-orange fingers. Marines scrambled like ants.

* * *

><p>Posted on: December 16th 2011<p>

16. Closer Than Close

Title: Closer Than Close

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #36-Limits [50ficlets Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 137

>Summary: Can't pull one over on an A.I. [Master Chief, Cortana]
Warnings: None

****CLOSER THAN CLOSE****

The Master Chief checked his weapon for the third time in two minutes. Despite his need for there to be more ammo, there was still only the one half-full clip. This situation was a tricky one, and even if his intuition wasn't telling him he was walking a delicate line between success and failure, he had Cortana buzzing in his ear.

"Even your luck has its limits," Cortana began, and, if the Chief didn't know better, he'd say she almost sounded worried. It must have been his imagination.

"I know," the Chief agreed. "But, it's not going to run out today."

"Your heart rate and breathing pattern would indicate that you're not as sure as your words would lead me to believe."

The Chief smiled slightly; it would seem that Cortana knew him better than he knew himself.

* * *

><p>Posted on: January 26th 2012<p>

17. Clear

Title: Clear

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #41-Breathe [50ficlets Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 253

>Summary: Life or death, it all comes down to who's got your back.
[Noble 6, Random UNSC marine]
Warnings: Spoiler of Halo REACH.
Mild violence and gore

A/N: When I play REACH Noble-6 is a girl, therefore, she's one in this drabble too ;)

****CLEAR****

Noble-6 took her time assessing the situation; to her it seemed like an eternity, but in reality it was only a handful of seconds. A UNSC marine was pinned down inside the depot of ONI's Sword Base by a pair of Hunters, and if she didn't make a move soon, they'd pulverize him and Six would be of little use to him. She had five rounds for her sniper rifle, making the situation all the more perilous.

Six crouched behind a pillar outside the depot, lined her visor up with the scope of her rifle, and maxed out the zoom. She waited patiently, it would be a disaster if her first shot missed and pissed the beasts off further. No, she needed at least two clear shots to the Hunters' unprotected backs or necks to bring them down.

One of the Hunters stilled, readying its fuel rod cannon for a shot at the marine, and Six used the opportunity to take her first shot. She took a deep breath and slowly let it out as she delicately squeezed the trigger; twice. The Hunter went down in a spray of orange gore.

'One down,' Six thought. 'One to go.'

The other Hunter was on full alert now, giving the marine time to scramble away while at the same time giving Six a clear shot at its unprotected neck.

"Clear," Six said over an open frequency once the second behemoth fell.

"Thanks Spartan," the marine gasped. "Thought I was a goner for a minute there."

* * *

><p>Posted on: January 26th 2012<p>

18. indestructible

Title: Indestructible

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo

>Claim: General
Prompt: #1-Pain [50ficlets Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 300

>Summary: Keep pushing forward, no matter what. [Master Chief]
Warnings: Violence

****INDESTRUCTIBLE****

The blast from a plasma grenade had wiped out the Master Chief's shields, and a Grunt, firing wildly, managed to stick him with three crystalline shards from its Needler before he could dodge. The needles detonated, gouging chunks of the Chief's armor away, and ripping into his vulnerable flesh beneath it. It wasn't everyday something got the better of the Chief, though the Grunt didn't get a chance to revel in that accomplishment; the Chief placed a short burst of automatic rifle fire into its methane tank and the resulting explosion killed the Grunt. With the Grunts, and a handful of Jackals, eradicated, the Chief was torn between tending to his wounds or moving on and getting to the rally point where he could receive actual medical attention. He didn't debate long, and started walking north at a steady pace.

The trek north took a lot out of the Chief, but his mind was fixed on a single purpose, and when that was the case, even his own better judgment wasn't a deterrent. He set aside pain; he set aside fatigue, and barreled in the only direction he knew: straight ahead. Now that he had reached the rally point and was sequestered in the medical tent, the pain he'd managed to outrun earlier had caught up to him with a vengeance. The hospital corpsmen had been astonished he'd made it there under his own power, for his wounds would have likely killed a normal man on the spot. With the Chief still standing, because there wasn't a gurney that could hold the weight of his armor, the medic delicately probed the Chief's wounds. Pain lanced through the Chief, blurring his vision and causing him to sway just slightly. The medic whistled.

"Guess what they say is true, Spartans are indestructible."

* * *

><p>Posted on: January 26th 2012<p>

19. Assistance

Title: Assistance

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #7-Help [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 286

>Summary: Caught in a wave. [Random ODST]
Warnings: Profanity, violence

****ASSISTANCE****

"Damn it," Graves hissed, diving behind a rather larger chunk of what used to be a highway. "These bastards just don't quit."

No one was around to hear him complain, he'd become separated from the rest of his team shortly after landing on this God-forsaken rock. The group of Covenant, at least fifty strong, had him pinned down before he could react, and to make matters worse, they were getting closer to his hiding place. Which was a pretty ineffective one considering he kept popping up to fire a few rounds at anything that moved, only to duck back down when a fresh wave of plasma bombarded him.

"I'm in trouble," he finally admitted to himself, though he'd been in trouble for the better part of the last hour playing this deadly game of cat and mouse.

It was a big step for an ODS to admit he needed help, but with his life soon to be snuffed out, Graves found himself hoping some help would arrive. He wouldn't be picky, he decided. He knew a Spartan had dropped with them; maybe he'd be lucky enough for him to arrive in the nick of time the way Spartans had a tendency to do. Of course if that did happen, he'd deny it even with his last breath that he'd needed the help of one of those genetically-enhanced S.O.B's. A plasma grenade went off on the other side of Graves' asphalt shield, sending chunks raining down on him.

"Is it really too much to ask," he growled through gritted teeth as he rolled to his feet, finger coming down on the trigger of his automatic rifle, spraying bullets into his oncoming enemies. "for a little fucking assistance?"

* * *

><p>Posted on: March 31st 2012<p>

20. Second Skin

Title: Second Skin

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #31-Sun [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 100

>Summary: A high-tech second skin. [Master Chief]
Warnings: None

****SECOND SKIN****

The sun was unforgiving, but the Chief barely noticed; his MJOLNR armor allowing him to focus on other things. His visor automatically darkened, taking care of the nasty glare off the sand. The armor regulated the temperature within it, keeping him comfortable. It was still warm, but at least he wasn't being cooked alive as he likely would have been without the armor's complex systems. Though he rarely gave it a second thought, the Chief knew he wouldn't be quite as productive without the MJOLNR armor, his second skin. Sometimes it was difficult to tell where it began and ended.

* * *

><p>Posted on: April 8th 2012<p>

21. Time is Running Out

Title: Time is Running Out

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #30-Break [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: M
Word Count: 167

>Summary: Bloodbath of a battle. [Random UNSC Marines]
Warnings: Violence, Gore, Profanity

****TIME IS RUNNING OUT****

It had been a bloodbath of a battle, with the UNSC tilting closer to the losing side than the winning. Things were looking grim for Captain Wake's troupe, already they'd been cut in half. He himself had taken a needler shard to his side. He was fairly positive it had nicked his left lung, because breathing had become increasingly difficult, and blood, warm and coppery, filled his mouth on occasion. He was grateful their medic hadn't been taken out yet. The short mad had been able to get Wake patched up as best he could with Bio-Foam; Wake never stopped shooting the entire time.

Wake noticed a break in the Covenant's line and almost instantly someone shouted, "They're retreating!"

Music to Wake's ears, but something wasn't right. The Covenant never retreated. Sure, the little ugly ones tended to scatter more than the others, but they rarely retreated completely. Were they falling back to regroup? Then he caught a flash of purplish red; a wraith tank.

"Well, fuck."

* * *

><p>Posted on: April 8th 2012<p>

22. What About Love

Title: What About Love

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #47-Lover [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 100

>Summary: Life of a watchman. [Random UNSC Marine]
Warnings: Hintings of smut

****WHAT ABOUT LOVE****

Uncomfortable. That was the only word to describe how Wilson felt, though it didn't feel adequate enough. Who knew that lying on your stomach for hours on end could be unbearable? Yeah, sarcasm; that's what got him through the day. That and the thought of a lukewarm meal back at base, a hot shower, a warm bed, and an inviting body to sleep next to, that was of course if Bailey was willing. Wilson snorted, who was he kidding? She was always willing. That was one of the things he loved about her. Whoa. Love?

"Stupid sun's frying my brain."

* * *

><p>Posted on: May 8th 2012<p>

23. Reality

Title: Reality

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #06-Sugar [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 100

>Summary: Time was running out and these farmer's boys weren't going to cut it. [Johnson, Random soldiers]
Warnings:

Profanity

****REALITY****

Johnson bit down on his cigar. Time was running out and these farmer's boys weren't going to cut it. Sure, a couple of them had promise, but who the hell had time to work that out? Not him, that's for sure.

"You're all going to die," he said flatly. He didn't have the time or the patience to fucking sugarcoat it anymore; this was reality. Harsh and cruel, a real bitch, but they would learn that soon enough.

Most of them looked sick after his statement, but a couple stood up a little straighter, faces grim. The ones with backbone.

* * *

><p>Posted on: May 8th 2012<p>

24. Simple As That

Title: Simple As That

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #33-Line [Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: T
Word Count: 100

>Summary: Life of a sniper. [Random UNSC sniper]
Warnings: Violence

****SIMPLE AS THAT****

Sun, rain, no matter the elements, he didn't move. His job was to blend and he did it well. It all boiled down to patience. Some had it, others didn't, but it was the foundation of a great sniper. Sitting for hours waiting for your target was pretty boring stuff, so, naturally, one came up with ways to occupy the mind: counting things, seeing how many fellow soldiers you could name; stupid shit to keep your mind from slipping. Then the target would show up. Heart rate, breathing, everything slowed. Line up the shot and the target fell. Simple as that.

* * *

><p>Posted on: May 8th 2012<p>

25. Waiting in the Dark

Title: Waiting in the Dark

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #49-Dark [Mix & Match Table]/Fanfic_bakeoff #28: Rise + Time (bonus)

>Rating: G
Word Count: 127

>Summary: Another night on Installation 4. [Master Chief]
Warnings: None

****WAITING IN THE DARK****

When the Master Chief stepped outside the Forerunner structure, the stars were spilling across the dark sky, and the three-quarter moon looked magnified, hovering just about the rims of the mountains, like it had dipped too low somehow and gotten itself snagged on the craggy face of a cliff. The rest of the Installation 4 Halo was clearly visible, rising up into the sky until it faded from view, on both his left and right. It was an odd sight; one he was just getting used to. He'd been killing time, something he loathed, waiting for the moon to rise a little before he'd head out in an attempt find the others. Placing one foot in front of the other, John-117 set out, he'd waited long enough.

* * *

><p>Posted on: June 21st 2012<p>

26. The First Drop

Title: The First Drop

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #35-Dust [Mix & Match Table]/Fanfic_bakeoff #28-Rise + Time (bonus)

>Rating: G
Word Count: 194

>Summary: The Chief makes a hot drop. [Master Chief, UNSC Pilot]
Warnings: None

****THE FIRST DROP****

"Landing zone's hot," the pilot of the pelican yelled over the frequency.

"Just get me as close as you can," the Chief said calmly.

"Hunters-"

"As close as you can," the Chief repeated as he strode towards the back of the pelican. He slapped his open palm against a panel and the rear doors began to open.

"Master Chief, sir-"

The Chief switched off his open frequency, cutting off whatever the

pilot had been about to say; no doubt another warning. He studied the fast moving ground for a moment and then stepped off the back, freefalling. Ideality, he would have chosen not to jump out of the back of a pelican, but he needed to get ground level in a hurry and with anti-air battering the skies, it was the only option. The Chief bent his knees slightly, pitching himself forward and into a roll as he landed roughly causing the dust to rise around him in a cloud that left him blind. His H.U.D. was full of red dots, dots that were closing in as time ticked away, precious seconds slipping through his hands while he waited for the dust to settle.

* * *

><p>Posted on: June 21st 2012<p>

27. When Everything Glows Green

Title: When Everything Glows Green
>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]
>Claim: General
Prompt: #38-Blind [Mix & Match Table]/Fanfic_bakeoff #28-Rise/Time
>Rating: T
Word Count: 166
>Summary: Keep your wits and you'll survive. [Master Chief, Covenant]
Warnings: Violence

****WHEN EVERYTHING GLOWS GREEN****

The Master Chief saw the flash of green through the cloud of dust an instant before the plasma would have hit him square on. He jumped to his left just in time, the plasma finding the ground as its target instead of his body. The explosion knocked the Chief to the ground, all but depleted his shields, and sent up a new cloud of blinding dust. The tension rose as a handful of seconds ticked by and the Chief could hear the hunters moving closer. He remained motionless as the beasts shuffled towards him, the green glow of their plasma cannons now visible through the dust cloud.

Easing himself into a crouch, the Chief silently moved around the hunter that was closest to him. Quickly and quietly, he pulled the pins from two grenades and tossed them under the behemoth's feet before taking off in the opposite direction. He yanked his assault rifle from his back just as the grenades detonated. One down, dozens to go.

* * *

><p>Posted on: June 21st 2012<p>

28. Odds

Title: Odds
>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]
>Claim: General
Prompt: #21-Dust [Mix & Match Table]/Fanfic_bakeoff #28-Rise/Time
>Rating: G
Word Count: 124
>Summary: The odds were not in the Covenant's favor. [Master Chief, Covenant]
Warnings: None

****ODDS****

Sierra 117 slowly made his way up the rise. Crawling on your stomach was time consuming, but it was better than running over the top of the hill and blowing your position or worse, running into a whole Covenant platoon's worth of artillery. He finally made it to the top of the rise and settled in behind some scrub brush for cover. Three Ghosts hovered around the landscape below him. They were piloted by Grunts, which was a good thing. The little ones were easy to surprise and much easier to confuse. Off in the distance there were a couple of Brutes mulling around a Shade Turret with yet another Grunt manning it. Six to one; the odds were not in the Covenant's favor.

* * *

><p>Posted on: June 21st 2012<p>

29. Tandem

Title: Tandem

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]

>Claim: General
Prompt: #26-Burn [50ficlets Mix & Match Table]/Nice [Fanfic_bakeoff Sweet Ingredient #02]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 160

>Summary: A new co-op mission. [Fireteam Majestic, Fireteam Crimson, Sarah Palmer]
Warnings: Spoilers (sort ofâ€|not really) for Spartan Ops Episode 1, Season 1.

****TANDEM****

"Crimson, Majestic, you're working together today, so play nice," Commander Palmer gave an uncharacteristic half-smile. "There are two towers that need to be brought online and cleared out of hostiles so the eggheads can go in and work their brand of magic. This isn't a competition." Commander Palmer looked right at Demarco, daring him to open his mouth on the subject. He didn't disappoint.

"So, basically, Crimson needs a babysitter."

"No, two towers means twice as much ground to cover and twice as many enemies. Two fireteams working in tandem will gain a faster result. Crimson could handle this on their own, but since you're here, why not send you out so you can witness for yourself how a fireteam should operate."

It was a slap to the face, but Demarco wisely kept his mouth shut. Commander Palmer gave a little nod and turned on her heel.

"I want boots on the ground in twenty," She said over her shoulder.

* * *

><p>Posted on: December 16th 2012<p>

30. Waiting Game

Title: Waiting Game

>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]
>Claim: General
Prompt: #10-Search [Mix & Match Table]/#40-Travel [Fandomwords100]
>Rating: G
Word Count: 100
>Summary: Carter waits out a pair of banshees. [Carter]
Warnings: None

****WAITING GAME****

Carter crouched under a slight overhang, watching as two banshees traveled in separate, seemingly random, patterns. He knew better; they were searching for him and had been since the night before. The Covenant ground troops hadn't been able to find him then, and this was their last ditch effort to do so. Carter continued to wait out the banshees, and after an hour, they finally arched their flight patterns in a new direction; one that took them further away from him. He wasted no time in moving out, jogging in the opposite direction to a waypoint set two days before.

* * *

><p>Posted on: May 6th 2013<p>

31. Stumbling in the Dark

Title: Stumbling in the Dark
>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]
>Claim: General
Prompt: #37-Found [Mix & Match Table]/#40-Travel [Fandomwords100]
>Rating: G
Word Count: 100
>Summary: Traveling in the dark can be both a blessing and a curse. [Random UNSC Spartan]
Warnings: None

****STUMBLING IN THE DARK****

It had been a complete accident that he'd found their basecamp. It was dark and their sentries were lazing around the perimeter. He'd practically stumbled over a group of grunts before he'd realized they were there. He'd killed them quickly and backtracked up the hillside. Now that the sun was rising, he was offered a new view of the camp that he had been denied in the dark. He hung around long enough to get some pictures of the camp and then left; traveling around the camp and to where the rest of his team was hopefully waiting for him.

* * *

><p>Posted on: May 6th 2013<p>

32. Hijacking a Crash

Title: Hijacking a Crash
>Author: Niftypaint24
Fandom: Halo [CU]
>Claim: General
Prompt: #43-Crash [50ficlets Mix & Match Table]

>Rating: G
Word Count: 159
>Summary: Scouting for a new ride. [Random UNSC Marines]
Warnings: None

****HIJACKING A CRASH****

"Great," Walsh grumbled. "Choppers."

"Awesome," Taylor cheered quietly. "I'm gonna get one."

Walsh looked at him as if he was crazy; which most of the time he was. "You won't get within thirty yards of one, and even if you did, that brute would splatter the hell out of you."

Taylor seemed unconcerned with Walsh's argument. "All there is to it is getting close enough before they start using the guns and then jump on and kick that bastard out of his seat."

"Simple," Walsh scoffed.

"Yep."

The two continued to watch the set of choppers patrol around the crashed pelican in silence. After a few minutes, Walsh nudged Taylor with his elbow.

"So, what are you waiting for? Go get your chopper."

"I'm just waiting for the right moment," Taylor answered, tilting his head to the side as if he was contemplating something.

"Maybe you'll get lucky and one will crash."

"That would make things easier," Taylor admitted.

* * *

><p>Posted on: May 24th 2013<p>

End
file.